ows of Important and Enter

The opening sentence in the story, " Not In It." by Anna Olcott Commelin (Fowler & Wells Company, reils us that "Mrs. Reginald Halbert had removed from Brooklyn and had sottled her self in her elegant home on Fifth avenue." This was certainly a transition. She was now established in a street which was nicely asphalted and provided in its invisible penetralia with enormous water mains. If in Brooklyn she had lived in one of those still numerous streets which are loosely cobbled, and in which the grass makes a pretty appearance in the spaces between the stones, she must have been imsed by the sense that in moving she had done something which had secured for her a plenty of new impressions. Besides, she now no enger needed to cross bridge or ferry in order to get to the Broadway theatres; and that, surely, was a circumstance involving a pleasan feeling. One does not like to spend the greater part of twenty-four hours in getting to the

theatre and in getting home again from it. There can be no doubt of the elegance of Mrs. Halbert's new home. The story goes on to say that it "had been fitted up in the most elegant manner. Costly pictures adorned its walls, on er two marble statues displayed a taste for the best art, and a conservatory of rare plants and flowers showed a love for the beautiful in na-ture as well." That the marble statues should have been limited to one or two is a circum-stance that could undoubtedly be explained. Probably the size and arrangement of the house called for one or two marble statues rather than for three or four; and there can be no question that a limited supply of marble statuary, pro tected in an interior, is likely to be better tha an unlimited supply of statuary of iron and plaster exposed in the front dooryard-a kind and a manner of display of statuary that recommend themselves to numerous lovers an patrons of art at Fort Washington and in the apper reaches of the city generally.

The Halberts gave a dinner that was marked by elegance in every particular. From the conflowers in bloom into the adjoining dining room where the table was laid with costly silver and glass," where "the soft light of wax candles in rose-colored shades shed their glow," and where "the blazing logs in the open grate occasionally in sudden bursts of flame added fresh brilliancy to the sparkle of cut glass and the gleam of eliver." There was also a butler, who let people in, and probably suffered them to go out, and who seems to have done his duty in all particulars. Mrs. Halbert was "in Parisian toilet and diamonds." She went in to dinner on the arm of a German professor, and the company was otherwise distinguished, for the hostess "had a penchant for gathering people about her board who had made themselves of consequence in one way or another."

It would seem as though nothing had been emitted to assure the unbroken pleasure and the unmitigated success of the occasion, but unfortunately one of the guests was a Miss Schuyler, a lady whose habit it was to visit the poor, and whose philanthropy invariably ex-pressed itself in a didactical and mournful form at dinner parties. This was a sort of thing that Mr. Halbert could not abide. With the arrogance of a millionaire he thought he had the right to be cheerful at dinner, and after the mischief was done, he said very plainly to his wife that it was a mistake to have had Miss Schuyler. There is no doubt, however, that this earnest lady was valuable for the general s of the story. The story is concerned with the inequalities and sorrows of the world, and those are precisely the matters that Miss Schuyler was very conspicuously concerned with. Nothing could stop her at the dinner. There was terrapin, and there were "courses of game and wines," and there were "creams fruits, fees, bombons, and coffee," but all of these fine things were quite powerless to check Miss Schuyler in the flow of her repreachful and depressing remarks concerning the poor There is nothing in the story to show that she did not eat her terropin, or partake of the wrees of game and wines, or of the creams fruits, ices, and all the rest, but she certainly did not suffer herself to be diverted by them. Through all the glamour and varied sweetness of the occasion she remained constant to her idea, and sorrow was not subordinated merely

With the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Halbert. who had moved over from Brooklyn with the idea of enjoying themselves, the people at the dinner did not seem to mind. The German professor, who was himself poor and lived in a boarding house, ate heartily and "discoursed with animation on a variety of topics," and Mr. Delafield, a millionaire who had come in a "stately carriage" from his "m abode," "laughed and chuckled until his kindly face beamed with good nature on all around the

It was soon enough proved that the gloomy impressions of life entertained and expressed by Miss Schuyler were founded in sufficient reason. The tale goes on to relate great deal that was wrong or unfortunate. The millionaire Delafield is speedily ruined, and his beautiful daughter Ruth, who listened to Miss Schuyler with politeness and concern, marries a poor artist and dies at the end of a few serious years. The daughter of another millionaire, whose property is so curiously tied up that she never gets a dollar of it, is wedded by a rascally lawyer, who is enriched by this erty shortly after her early and welcome death, and there is a heartless elopement, and still another wedding, which is all right except that it is attended by an overwhelming impres on of melancholy.

Miss Schuyler is certainly the right person to forecast the nature of the tale. She endures very well throughout the general unhappiness, which is not surprising, for she was plainly built that way, in the phrase of Goethe, and needed unhappiness in order to thrive. Nothing in particular happens to Mrs. Halbert, though it is to be remarked that there does not befall her quite all the reward of joy that one might think was properly incidental to a removal from ooklyn; but Mr. Halbert is visited with a de lusion which takes the form of a belief that he is a pauper, and which is a sufficient punishment, doubtless, for his suggestion that Miss Schuyler was not exactly the right sort of per son to ask to dinner.

The author employs short quotations for chapter headings. Chapter XV. has two of these, one from Peebles and one from Turtullian. Chapter XVI. has one from Ian Maclaren, which says: Nane but the Almichty sees the sorrow in ilka hert, an' them 'at suffers most cays least." Translated this means that none but the Almighty seas the sorrow in every heart, and that those who suffer most say least. The re-Section seems familiar, and part of it at least is indisputable.

It has been the good fortune of F. Anstey to endure better than a good many of the humorists, and his story of the time checks and his music hall imitations were ingenious and amusing, notwithstanding that a long time had elapsed, and that he had written much since the appearance of "Vice Versa." Some recent fun of his, "Baboo Hurry Bungsho Jabberjee, B. A.," collected from Punch, and published in water with illustrations (D. Appleton & Co.), is not the most spontaneous and effective thing that F. Anstey has done. The very title might indicate as much. Undoubtedly the Hindoo scholar who is here celebrated, and who purports to have written the text, looks at life and every-day experience in don from an unusual viewpoint, and compels our laughter occasually, but he is a rather long-winded person, and he displays an litogether too obvious inclination to pad. Moreover, he is mechanical and unduly laborious in getting himself into an attitude. You feel that he has made a habit of being belated preparing his weekly stint for Punch, and has set about his work in a rather desperate state of feeting. He has not done himself justice, and we dare say he knows himself that in

other guises he has been much better company. Mr. Eibert Hubbard, in the latest of his pleasantly sentimental little journeys to the home of famous women, personally conducts us to the dwelling place of Godwin, the philosopher, which, as all the world knows, was the home of Mary Shelley (Putnams). Being a leisurely

traveller, confined to no direct route, and set-ting forth prepared to take his pleasure by the way, Mr. Hubbard leads us to the musty tenenent near old St. Paneras Church, in London by way of Concord, Mass. For Shelley, to Mr. Godwin, naturally suggests Emerson. They were so different. And each, by the way, was twice married. Now Mr. Hubbard calls Emerson master and is prepared to match his admi-ration for the Sage of Concord "gainst that of any other, six days and nights together." But with sorrow he thinks that he sees the master's limitations:

Emerson looked upon Beautiful Truth as an hon-ored guest. He sdored her, but it was with the adoretion of the intellect. He never got her tag in jolly chase of comradery; nor did he converse with her, oft and low, when only the moon preked out from behind the silvery clouds, and the nightingule lis-tened. He never laid himself open to damages.

Of course this may not have been entirely the fault of Emerson. The New England temperament and environment must not be forgottenand neither seem to be conducive to amorous and quasi-illicit conversations carried on, soft and low, to the light of the moon and the music of the nightingale—and with the contingent possibility of damages in the distance. No. We would rather be inclined to picture a New England Philosopher as dallying, even with Beautiful Truth, only in the most staid and corous manner. We imagine that he would leave his rubbers on the plassa and sit decently in the front parlor, at a safe and reasonable distance from the damsel, and with, perhaps, a jug of hard cider on the table, with which to cool his blood and quicken his intelligence. And always within hearing of the preonitory cough by which the folks would lot him understand that the interview was not to

e prolonged unduly. It is, however, quite possible that Mr. Hub-bard did not think of these things, though he freely admits that both Shelley and Emerso might have been very different had they been otherwise-or words to that effect:

In the poetic aweetness, gentleness, lovableness and beauty of their natures Emerson and Shelley were very similar. In a like environment they would have done the same things. A pioneer ancestry with its struggle for material existence would have given Shelley caution; and a noble patronymic, fostered by the State, lax in its discipline, would have made Emerson toss discretion to the winds.

This opens up a truly fascinating and pratically illimitable field for speculation. A field in which, the further we wander, the more convinced do we become that man is but a miser able puppet in the hands of destiny-a mere sport and plaything of the gods-which has been pointed out before. Think, for example, of the glorious tales of adventure-of love and battle and the perils of the deep—we might have had, if only some female ancestor of Mr. How-ells had, in the remote past, gone on a honeymoon trip with a pirate to the Spanish Main! And how easily fate might have shuffled things in such a way that Mr. Richard Watson Gilder had written light and amusing nedies for Mr. Augustin Daly, instead of being, as he is, a serious and industrious builder of the lofty rhyme!

All this is, however, a digression, and does not bring us any nearer to the home of Mary Shelley. It was not a happy home, and so we may well e grateful to Mr. Hubbard for that little jaunt to Concord by the way. He tells the oft-told tale of Mary's sorrows and poor Harriet's fate with sentiment and a gentle eloquence. But it is not, we think, a story over which the modern reader cares to linger. The day for what Prof. Freeman once summed up as "Chatter About Harriet" has, perhaps, gone by, and we lay down Mr. Hubbard's volame with the abiding thought that things might have turned out very differently if only Shelley had possessed that "pioneer ancestry with its struggle for material existence." In which case, of course, he might not have been Shelley. But that is a detail.

As a rattling good story of adventure of the kind that keeps an impressionable reader up o' nights till he has finished ft, we can commend 'By Right of Sword," which, as the sub-title puts it, is "A Romance, taken from the Chroncles of Sir Jeremy Clephane, King's Justice and Knight of the Shire of Fife, overlooked by Master Judas Fraser, Dominie of the Parish of Kirktown, and rendered into a more modern English by Andrew Balfour" (Truslove & Comba). For here are lovemaking, fighting, adventures with pirates and explorations for buried reasure, with many other tempting and delightful things, set forth with vigor and a rare fertility who fights his way steadily through the pages of the book, is a cheerful person, gifted with phenomenal strength, a light hand with the rapier and a glorious disregard for truth, and whether he is making love to fair Maid Marjorie, taming a roystering bully in a wayside inn, or outward bound to the Indies with Sir Francis Drake, we follow him without an effort -for he is one of those rare individuals who are never dull. Only once do really tremble for his safety; when, with the noose drawn round his neck, he stands on the gallows in Portsmouth Town, and is saved, in the very nick of time, by a cross-eved but kindly pirate and his faithful followers. From this time on his fortunes steadily improve. till finally we leave him at the altar-the turning point at which we may presume that he, like so many a rollicking blade before him, ceases to be a hero and becomes but a mild and ordinary mortal.

"The National Capitol-Its Architecture, Art, and History" is the title of a volume in which Mr. George C. Hazelton, Jr., has collected a number of interesting facts, and has endeavred to tell the story of the Capitol "through the light of historical events and individual dography " (Howard F. Kennedy, Washington, D. C.). He gives a history of the subject, from the first location of the city's site by the unfortunate L'Enfant in 1791 to the infamous destruction of the national Capitol by the British vandals under Cockburn in 1814, and down to that bloodless but memorable battle in which Gen. Coxey, supported by his wife and little "Legal Tender," exca basty but dignified flank movement, and "Marabal" Carl Browne and the gallant Christopher Columbus Jones were gently but firmly persuaded to respect the ordinance that invites the wandering pedestrian to keep off the rass. While Mr. Hazelton has not neglected the historical side of his subject, there are moments when, in lighter vein, he drops quite easily and gracefully into poetry, as in his

night upon the terrace promenade. In hushed moments, the idler's ear catches rippling laughter from the shadow of some column, bespeak-ing the embrace stolen while a friendly cloud masks the moon. How to scholars the scene recalls Horace's drinking song for winter, in imitation of an ode fro Alcaus; for there the Roman poet in imagination invokes the pleasures of youth, the camp and the prom-enade, and the entiring laughter of the maid coyly roughing in a corner or angle of the street or near houses of an evening in Rome, some two thousand years ago! The world has not so much changed; for odern fancy whispers:

chaste description of the delights of a summer's

The night is still; come wander, dear, Along an old, familiar way; Mine arm about thee, once more bear The old, familiar lover's lay.

See, sweet, the moonbeams kies the dome-The great white dome, the people's shrine; Along the esplanade we'll roan Twas there you promised to be mine.

See how the clouds throughout the west still fond embrace each fleeting ray; So to my bears with man's poor rest I clutch thy heart; it is my day

It is good to know that, even in the shadow of the dome, the great white dome, Love holds his sway; that he can still turn night into day and jure the historian from the paths of prose into the flowery lanes and byways of pure poesy. An appendix contains a complete ground plan and list of the different apartments in the Capitol, together with a number of letters. &c., extracted from the State archives, and the text is enlivened with some excellent illustrations from photographs and a number of indifferently executed reproductions of the wellknown historical paintings in the Capitol.

From Kansas City, Mo., we have received a amall volume entitled "Last Vacation, and Other Sketches," by Robert Wisiarde. (Baton

Publishing Co.) Though the greater number of times, with indifferent success, lapses into poetry, but his most interesting effort is that in which he treats of the efficacy of prayer, at exemplified in the case of old Gabe Young Gabe, who had been corralled by the Lord, was boss rounder for a big ranch down toward the Indian line. It seems that on one occasion two gentlemanly strangers from the East struck Kansas City and had a slight difference of opinion over a friendly game of drav poker. They decided to settle the same in the usual manner, with old Gabe as referee. Gabe, as we have intimated, had got religion, and he proposed to open the proceedings with due emnity. "Gentlemen," said he, as he pulled his 44, "as you two seems to hev made up you minds that one of ye's got to be bored, I sujest that we have a little services 'fore the mealy begins. * * Therefore, gentlemen, I ask you to remove your hats, 'cause I'm goin' to pray, 'n' the first man that cheeps, drops." Then, while the old Missouri just rolled by at its customary rate of speed, and the mists came up, and the moon showed dimly through the clouds, old Gabe Young kept right on praying. He was a fine speaker. He seems to have had a gift of language that might have made the fortune of a modern pugilist. The night fell, the river still ran, and the moon remained in hiding, but still he kept right on. Gabe had been prayin' about the lovin', sorrowin mother of one of these young men, 'n' directly he rung in the old familiar "Now I lay me," 'n' then

them two jest wilted. Thus all ended happily. There was no fight, and the young men from the East outgrew their foolishness, settled down and became good citi zens, and helped to make Kansas City what she

Only as to one point in this volume do we fee constrained to utter a gentle protest. This stanza occurs in a poem entitled "Dress Pa-

All down the steadfast line Bob the chapeaux; Brave waves the gay ensign, Drums sound tattoos.

Surely there is good work waiting to be done in Kansas City, Mo., by M. Le Prof. de Sumi-chrast and his Bostonian maidens and young men. A community whose poets speak of their chapeaux as "chapoos" is clearly in need of en lightenment by those cultured amateurs who have succeeded in adapting the language of Molière to what an esteemed contemporary has well described as "that quaint Bostonian accent not at all displeasing to French ears."

A model publication of its kind is Mr. Clement K. Shorter's "Victorian Literature, Sixty Years of Books and Bookmen." (Dodd, Mead & Co.) The author has aimed to be biographical rather than critical, and has endeavored to furnish for the student, in handy form and in the guise of a consecutivo narrative, as large a number of facts about English books and writers as could be concentrated in so small a volume. He is never dogmatic and he avoids all that trivial detail and petty personal gossip with which the public is so industriously supplied by the ever-increasing army of the "Cholly Knickerbockers" of Literature. So admirably has he classified the writers of his own country as to make us regret that he did not carry out his original intention of devoting a chapter to sixty years of American literature The 200 pages of the book are divided into four chapters, in which are grouped, respectively the poets, novelists, historians, and critics. Its terseness, sustained interest, and well consid

ered judgments recall that model manual of

In mentioning the much-abused "Life of

Carlyle," Mr. Shorter gives this interesting ex

English literature written by Stopford Brooks.

tract from an unpublished letter to Froude from Sir Fritz James Stephen, his co-executor For about fifteen years I was the intimate friend and constant companion of both you and Mr. Carlyle and never in my life did I see any one man so devote to any other as you were to him during the whole o that period of time. The most affectionate son could no have acted better to the most venerated father. You cared for him, soothed him, protected him as a guide might protect a weak old man down a steep and pain ful path. The admiration you habitually expressed for him, both morally and intellectually, was u fied. You never said to me one ill-natured word about him down to this day. It is to me wholly incredible that anything but a severe regard for truth, learn to a great extent from his teaching, could ever have led you to embody in your portrait of him delineation of the faults and weaknesses which mixed with his great qualities. • • • In order to present to the world a true picture of him as I really was, you, well knowing what you were about, stepped into a pillory in which you were charged with treachery, violation of confidence, and every imaginable base motive, when you were in fac guilty of no other fault than that of practicing Mr Carlyle's great doctrine that men ought to tell the

Not in a long time have we met with a mor breezy, fresh, and altogether delightful book for a boy of any age than is "The Story of a Red Deer," by the Hon, J. W. Fortescue, (Macmillans). Most of the characters, who live in Exmoor Forest, and among whom are the badger, the rabbit, and the gray hen, talk in the broadest Devon, and all are the best of company. The book is worthy of a place by the side of Kingsley's "Water Babies" and the Kipling "Jungle Books."

Mesers. Macmillans send us a charming little volume, "The Lyrical Poems of John Keats," edited by Mr. Ernest Rhys, with a short intro ductory chapter, some notes, and a portrait o the poet. The edition is issued by Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. of the Aldine house in their excellent and artistic style.
"A Note-Book in Northern Spain" (Putnams)

is the title of a handsome and well-illustrated volume by Mr. Archer M. Huntington.

Mr. Alfred B. Shepperson sends us a copy of his annual publication, "Cotton Facts," a compilation, from official and reliable sources, of the crops, receipts, exports, stocks, home and foreign consumption, visible supply, prices, and acreage of cotton, with the reports of condition of growing crops issued by the United States Agricultural Bureau since 1879, and other statistics and general information on the subject. We have also received:

"Lessons with Plants. Suggestions for Secing and Interpreting Some of the Common Forms of Vegetation." L. H. Bailey, Illus trated by W. S. Holdsworth. (Macmillans.) "The Study of Children and Their School Training." Francis Walker, M. D. (Macmil

Dictionary of Quotations (Classical). Thomas Benfield Harbottle, (Macmillans.)
"Daniel North of Wyoming Valley," S. R. Smith. (Author.) Illustrated.

"The Monkey That Would Not Kill." Prof. Henry Drummond. (Bodd, Mead & Co.)
"Progress and Poverty." Henry George. New edition from new plates. (Doubleday & McClure.) "Whist Study Suits," compiled for teacher and students. E. H. Gay. (F. A. Stokes Com

"The Psychology of Health and Happiness. La Forest Potter, M. D. (Philosophical Publish ing Company.) "Columbus Series. First and Second Reading Books." William T. Vlymen, Ph. D. (Cath-

olic School Book Company.) " How to Make the Sunday School Go." A. T. Brewer. (Eaton & Mains.) "Student's History of the United States." Edward Channing. With maps and illustrations

(Macmillans.) MISS GOULD TO ENTERTAIN. She Opens Her Town House for the First Time

Since Her Father's Beath. Miss Helen M. Gould returned yesterday to New York and her town house at Fifth avenue and Forty-seventh street, where she proposes t remain and entertain in becoming fashion. This big house has been closed since the death of

Miss Gould's father, and it is seven years since the last entertainment was given in it, a recep-tion at which Jay Gould introduced his eldest daughter, Miss Helen Gould. Three thousand invitations were issued for the affair. The house, as well as Lyndburst, Mr. Gould's country seat at Irvington, were both left to Miss Gould, who, until the present time, has made ber home in the latter place. The town house is fitted with great magnificence and contains many fine paintings. There is ample space in it for any entertainments Miss Gould may choose to give. Miss Gould has with her Frank Gould, the youngest of her three brothers.

LLOYD BRYCE'S PATRER PAILING. Past Do-A Sheriff's Jury Decided What He

A Sheriff's jury decided after a hearing yes-terday that Joseph Smith Bryce, father of Gen. Licyd Stephens Bryce, Carroll Bryce and Mrs. Nicholas Fish, is incompetent to manage his af-fairs. He is 90 years old and lives at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The proceeding was taken on the application of the son Lloyd, who lives at 12 West Washington square, and of the daughter, who lives at 53 Irving place. Carroll Bryce the other son, is now in Europe. The incom the other son, is now in Europe. The incom-petent is probably worth half a million dollars. He has property at Newport, farm lands in North Dakota, owns 6 St. Mark's place and two houses in Third avenue and has an interest for life, by courtesy, in the realty of his wife, who

houses in Third avenue and has an interest for life, by courtery, in the realty of his wife, who died many years ago.

Lloyd S. Bryce testified yesterday that his father has been incompetent for about six months, and has stradually been gotting worse. He had \$125,000 in money and securities with the Bank of North America, on which he had borrowed \$86,000, but he called at the bank regardless of the loan and asked for all of the \$125,000. He said he thought he had borrowed only \$375. He had also tried to overdraw his account at another bank. He has the delusion that people are conspiring against him, and he has been threatening to have some of his parsonal friends arrested. He makes different engagements which he forgets all about, and when he is reminded of them he gets greatly excited.

Drs. Edward L. Partridge, Edward L. Keyes, and Danlei M. Stimson testified that Mr. Bryce is afflicted with sonile dementia, and cannot attend to his affairs.

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BEARS THE

MAYER-Met ARTER .- At 1044 Broad st., New S. Hastings, D. D., of New York, Fanny A., daughter of Thomas N. McCarter of Newark, N. J., to Charles S. Baylis of Brooklyn, N. Y.

DIED. MEEL, -At Newark, N. J., Jan. 13, 1898, Caldwell Hall Abeel, eldest son of the late Gustavus N. and Margaret Hall Abeel, in the 28th year of his year.

ETCHCOCK.—On Thursday morning, Jan. 18, Ephraim E. Hitchcook, aged 75 years. Friends are invited to attend the funeral services at his late residence, 25 West 85th st., on Satur-day afternoon as 4 o'clock. Interment at Woodlawn, at convenience of the family.

MELEV. -- After a short illness, Daniel J. Kelly.
Members of the G. A. R. and Typographical Union No. 6 are invited to attend his funeral on Sunday at 2 o'clock P. M. from his late residence, 139 Thorn at .. Jersey City Heights.

EARSON.—Suddenly, on Wednesday, Jan. 12, 1898, Alexander Pearson, in the 65th year of his age. Relatives and friends and members of Stella Lodge No. 485, P. and A. M., and Masonic Veterans are invited to attend the funeral from his late resi

dence, 30 7th av., Brooklyn, on Saturday, Jan. 15, at 2 o'clock. It is kindly requested that no flow-MITH. -On Wednesday, Jan. 12, 1898, of pneu monia, Melville C. Smith, aged 65 years. Funeral services at Dr. Eaton's church, 46th st., be

tween 5th and 6th avs., at 8 o'clock, Saturday, Jan. 15. Belatives and friends are invited to be PRAUS .- On Friday, Jan. 14, at his residence Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, which will be held at Temple

Beth-El, 5th av. and 76th st., on Monday, Jan. 17, at 10 A. M. Please omit flowers. AN BRAMLE.—On Thursday, Jan. 18, 1898, at 5t. Luke's Hospital, Charles C. Van Brakle, aged

Funeral on Sunday, Jan. 16, at 2 P. M., from his late residence, Arlington, N. J. VAN VLBCK.—At Hudson, on Friday, Jan. 14, Dr. William B. Van Vleck, in his 80th year.

Funeral Monday, Jan. 17, at 2:30 P. M. THE KENSICO CEMETERY.—Private station, Har-Tiem Railroad; 43 minutes ride from the Grand Central Depot. Office, 16 East 42d st.

Special Motices. PADED HATH recovers its youthful color an oftness by the use of PARKER'S HAIR BALLAM.
HINDERCORNS, the best cure for corns. 15 cts.

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CARNEGIE MUSIC HALL,
NUSURAY, JAN. 16,
at 8 and 6 P. M. Door open at 9 and 7 P. M.
J. H. BURKE WILL SING. A. C. DIXON will begin a series of addresses on Bible in Broadway Tabernacle, corner 34th and Broadway, New York, Monday, Jan, 17, at : P. M. Subject next Monday, "Genesis, the Book o Beginnings." Mr. J. H. Burke will stog.

A T METROPOLITAN TEMPLE, 7th av. and 14th st., Rev. S. P. Cadman, pastor.—Three services on Sunday. Special service every night. Every seat is free. Strangers in the city especially invited. Concert

A GREAT DAY of revival rejoicing. Increasing ex-dictionent. All day services. Second Street Metho-dist, between Avs. C and D. Thomas Harrison, Evan-gelist. Refreshments provided. FIFTH AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, corner 55th at., Rev. John Hall, D. D., pastor.—Services, Sunday, Jan. 16, at 11 A. M. and 4 P. M.

GRACE CHURCH. Broadway, corner 10th at. 8 A. M.—Holy Communion. 9 A. M.—Morning prayer and address. 8 P. M.—Later evensong and sermon. All seats free.

M ADISON AV. BAPTIST CHURCH, corner 31st st.,
M Rev. Henry M. Sanders, D. D., pastor.—Services
to-morrow at 11 A. M. and 4:30 P. M. The pastor will
preach at both services. Sunday school, 9:30 A. M.
Chapel service Wednesday, 8 P. M. New YORK PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, 7th av. and 19th st.—The Rev. John R. Paxton. D. D. will preach morning and evening. Dr. Paxton will give one of his ramous lectures in the church on Thursday evening, Jan. 20, on "The Pavilion of Mara," a theme of war.

SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE.—Sunday, Jan. 16, 1898, at 11:15 A. M., lecture by Prof. Felix Adler, at Carnegie Music Hall, corner 57th st. and th av.; subject, "The Value of Courage as an Aid to be Spiritual Life." All interested are invited.

New Bublications.

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Research into the Subconscious Nature of Man and Society. By Bonis Sidis, M. A., Ph. D., Associate in Psychology at the Pathological Institute of the New York State Hospitals. With an Introduction by Prof. WILLIAM JAMES, of Harvard University. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.75.

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By E. P. Evans, author of "Animal Symbolism in Ecclesiastical Architecture," etc. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.75.

This book explains the evolution of ethics, or the growth of rules of conduct in primitive human societies, particularly with reference to man's ideas regarding the lower animals and his treatment of them. The first part, on Evolutional Ethics, discusses that conduct of tribal society, the influence of religious belief on it in the course of evolution, and man's ethical relations to the animals, closing with a chapter on the doctrine of Meleupsychosis. The second part, on Animal Psychology, treats of manifestations of mind in the brute as compared with those in man, the possibility of progress in the lower animals, their powers of ideation, and speech as a barrier between man and beast.

For sale by all bookecilers; or will be sent by mail a receipt of price by the publishers. D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, 72 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Bew Zublientions.

BOOKS

for Dwellers in the Greater New York.

A recent magazine made this statement: "What American students and reform ers need are careful sketches of American conditions and exact information as to the past and present forms and functions of American city government."

After mention of Prof. Goodnow's books, scientific contributions to the literature of municipal government," It went on:

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MIRIAM OSBORN WILL HOLDS. also the Will of Howell Osborn Leaving Pay The action brought by Mrs. Leila O. Hen-

riques and Mary A. Mason to partition the real estate of their sister, Mrs. Miriam Osborn, estate of their sister, Mrs. Mirism Osborn, mother of Howeli Osborn, as if she had left no valid will, has been dismissed by Justice Freedman of the Supreme Court. Mrs. Osborn died in 1891, leaving most of her large estate to the Mirism Osborn Memorial Home, but making large provision in trust for her son Howell. Howeli died in 1895, leaving \$100,000 to Fay Tempieton and the residue to his relatives. In defense it was set up that the plaintiffs would not inherit if the will was invalid, as \$Howell lived after his mother and left a will hinself. In a Supreme Court action in which the sisters were named as parties, the will of Howeli had been declared valid, and this judgment was declared to be a further bar to the action. In reply the plaintiffs averred that Howell's will was procured by fraud and undue influence, but Justice Freedman says the plaintiffs have already had their day in court to attack it, and that they cannot attack it is their present action. Mew Aublications.

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ELEVEN REINDEER ARRIVE. They Came from Sweden and Are Intended for

The Wilson line freight steamer Martelle, which sailed from Hull, England, on Dec. 28, and arrived yesterday at her Brooklyn dock, brought over eleven reindeer. They were shipped from a Swedish port, and belong to L. Lewis, an Englishman, who owns an estate near Montreal, and intends to keep the reindeer

The herd consisted of thirteen reindeer when the steamer left Hull, but on Jan. 8 one died, and last Thursday another succumbed. They were fed on moss twice a day. The moss was kept on ice, and the animals refused any fodder which was not ice cold. The animals were de-horned in order to make an easier voyage.

PATIENT IMPROPERLY TREATED. Operated On for an Abscess When He Had Hernia-Death Besulted.

Edward G. Worley, aged 44 years, of 2129 Lexington avenue, died in Harlem Hospital on Thursday night. The immediate cause of death was herais. Coroner's physician O'Hanlon. who held an autopsy yesterday, said that death was due to improper treatment to which Worley was subjected before he went to the hospital. Worley, who was an electrician, was operated on twice by a Harlem physician for what was supposed to be an abscess in the groin. His brother threatens to prosecute the physician civilly and criminally.

Moboken Lyric Theatre Sold Under Fereclosure The Lyric Theatre in Hoboken was sold by Sheriff Helier under foreclosure to the Holoken Bank for Savings for \$10,000 yesterday. The

bank heid a mortgage of \$23,000. A second mortgage of \$12,000 was held by the Hoboken Land and Improvement Company. A compre-mise was effected between the mortgagers prior to the sale, and the bank was the only bidder. The theatre is part of the old Wareing estate.